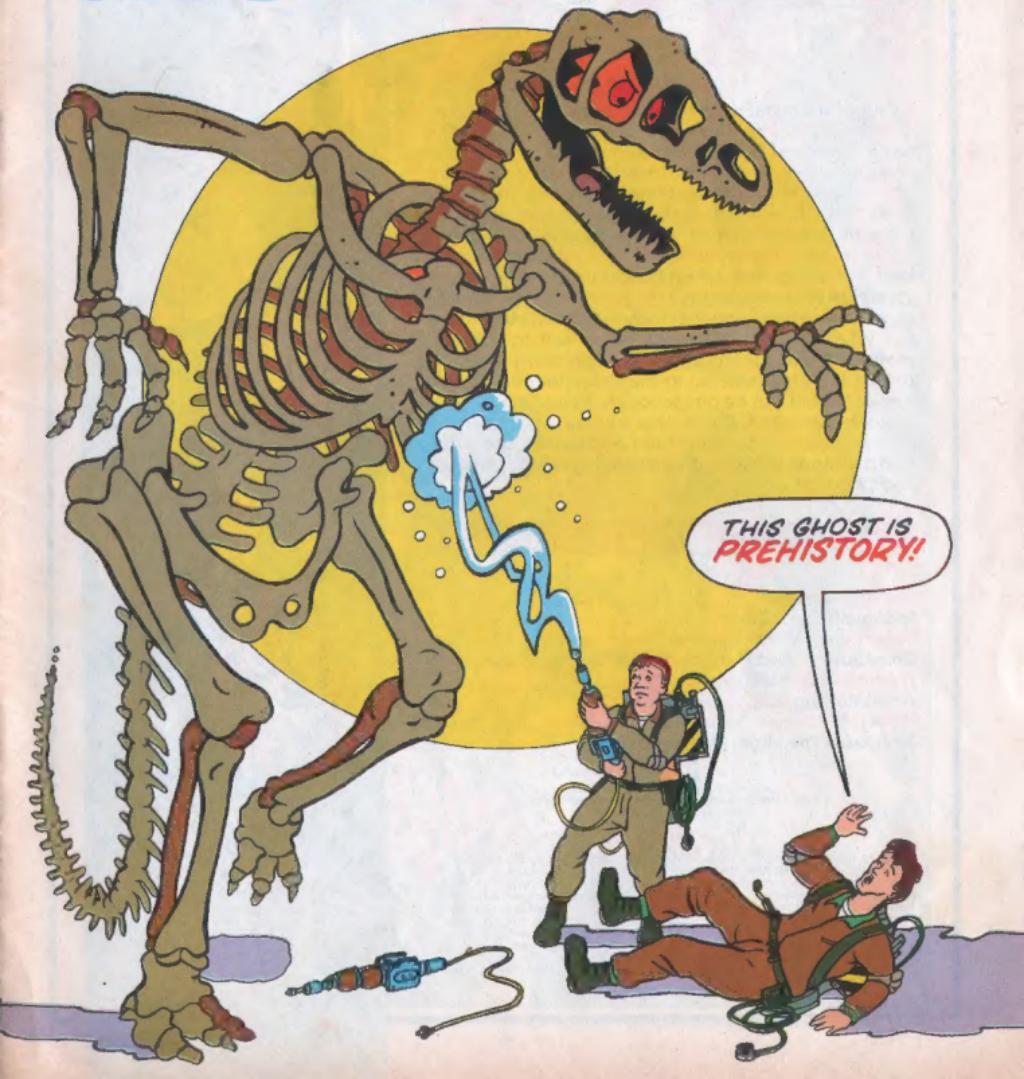


MARVEL  
14th Jan 89

# THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™

Nº31 38p  
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Industries Inc.





**I**t's Big! It's dynamic! It's issue thirty-one of **THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS**! There are strange goings-on this week. Peter and Egon try their luck on the Stock Market and come face-to-face with some **Weirdness On Wall Street**! Does this mean that they'll lose their shirts? Ray finds that it is his boots that are causing him problems, when he goes out shopping and gets rather carried away in **These Boots Were Made For Haunting**! Peter gets a new look altogether, which is most unscientific. Can he cope with his new identity? **The Mind Boggles**! However, we can always hope that those ghosts will be history, but what happens when the guys have to confront something that is prehistory, and, larger than life? Could this be the final skeleton in the closet for our intrepid heroes? Could this be one spook that's just too large to pick-a-bone with? Could this be the final entry in **Winston's Diary**, or have the Ghostbusters got a last resort weapon to deal with a revenging reptile? Read on and find out!

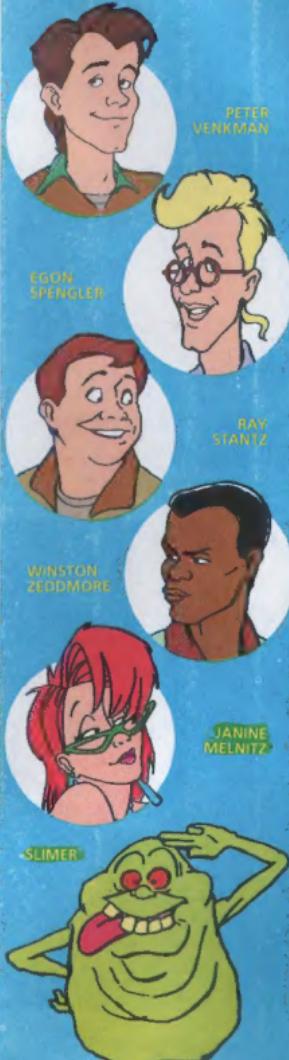
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# THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS



# THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™



LATER...

YOU'VE GOT  
TO BELIEVE  
ME.  
I AM PETER  
VENKMAN!

SLIMER  
AND I WENT  
TO A CALL ON  
22nd AND  
3rd...

SOME HEAVY-DUTY SPOOKS  
ZAPPED US, AND  
SWAPPED OUR  
MINDS!

IT WAS ALL  
WE COULD DO  
TO GET  
AWAY!

WELL... IT IS  
POSSIBLE...

HELP ME, GUYS!  
I DON'T WANT TO  
BE A GOBBLING  
GREEN GHOUL!

BUT, PETER... AT  
LEAST YOU'LL  
ALWAYS FIND A  
SEAT ON A BUS!

THAT'S NOT  
FUNNY!

OKAY, PETER, I'M  
SORRY... NOW, MELLOW  
OUT, HUH?

WELL, WE HAVE  
ONE CHANCE BUT,  
WE MUST FIND  
PETER'S BODY.

THAT  
SHOULDN'T  
BE TOO  
DIFFICULT...

ON THE OTHER SIDE OF TOWN...

...ALL WE HAVE  
TO DO IS LOOK  
IN THE NEAREST  
SNACK BAR!

FOODEEYUMYUMYUM!

THE  
AMERICAN  
SNACK  
BAR  
OPEN  
TODAY  
11 AM  
TO 11 PM  
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# SPENGLER'S SPIRIT GUIDE

## MONSTERS

Tobin makes a point, in his *Spirit Guide*, of differentiating between large and frightful demonic creatures and a breed of creature he simply calls *Monsters*. 'Monster' is a blanket-term that the great man uses to describe any massive, ugly, fearsome beast that haunts the surface of the earth that *isn't* a demon. It cannot transport itself back into the spirit world, but lives all its time in some lonely or remote area of the earth. The Abominable Snowman, the Sasquatch, the Loch Ness Monster and all other lake monsters around the world, would all be generically classified as 'Monster' by Tobin. Several other less well-known examples are listed here.

### The Big Gurgler

Dyed-in-the-wool Ghostbuster fans will remember this one. We busted it a while back in the sewers under the town of Bangor, Maine. The Big Gurgler was an absolutely vast and very sticky individual who gave us a lot of trouble. I only list him here for posterity, and because it is likely that other, similar Big Gurglers haunt the sewers in other cities, such as Sheffield and Maidstone. Watch out, it has great big pointy-teeth.



## PART 31

### Nuhawook

This is an absolutely immense beast that haunts the deep oceans in the Arctic. It is a creature of Eskimo legend, reputed to be the length of sixteen whales with fiery, red eyes and great big pointy-teeth. It is rumoured to be easily confused with Greenland.

### The Wigglesbro' Wyrm

Reputed to lurk in a mill pond near the English village of 'Wigglesbro', the Wyrm is a long stringy beast approximately ninety-feet from end to end. The Wyrm, like most Monsters, is said to have great big pointy-teeth. Quite what a ninety-foot wyrm does all day in a mill pond is the biggest mystery of all.

### The Howling Mountain of Yadankk

The other things all monsters have in common is that they are very big. The Howling Mountain of Yadankk, as its name implies, is no exception. A massive craggy beast that resembles a fair-sized cliff face, the Monster haunts the Carpathian Ranges around the remote village of Yadankk and... well... howls. Eye witnesses report that they're not sure, but they think the Mountain has definitely got great big pointy-teeth.

### The Harkbury teeth

This monster, lurking in the marshlands beyond Harkbury in Canada, is basically an enormous set of... great big pointy-teeth. If you run into it, don't call us. Call a dentist.

The Not-really-quite-nasty-enough-monster of Chatham Vast, black, rubbery, foul-smelling and carnivorous, this particular beastie has never made it into the really big league of famous monsters. Experts believe that despite a brief flirtation with dentures, the Monster's lack of really good great big pointy-teeth is its basic undoing. It will however, give you a nasty suck.

Stan Lee  
PRESENTS:

# DEATH'S HEAD™

THE PLANET GODILUX, EARTH-DATE: 8162.

LOOK, DEATH'S HEAD, I KNOW  
YOU'RE A...

BOUNTY HUNTER

...FREE-LANCE PEACE-KEEPING AGENT, AND YOU DO THIS SORT OF THING FOR A LIVING!

BUT SURELY WITH ALL THE LOW-LIFE SCUM WE'VE GOT BACK HOME IN THE LOS ANGELES RESETTLEMENT, YOU COULD HAVE FOUND US A BETTER JOB THAN THIS!

LISTEN, SPRATT, YOU STICK TO RUNNING THE CLERICAL SIDE OF MY BUSINESS AND LEAVE THE CONTRACTS TO ME, EH?

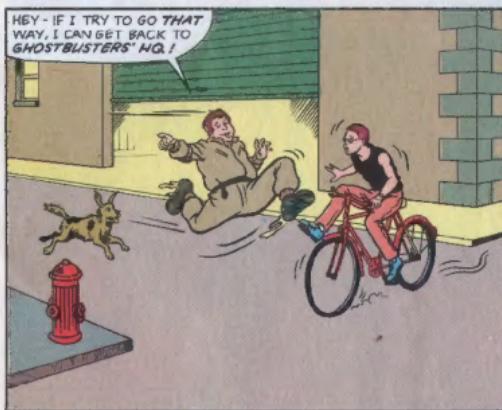
STAY OUT MY WAY, AND I LET YOU STAY. YES?



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# THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™

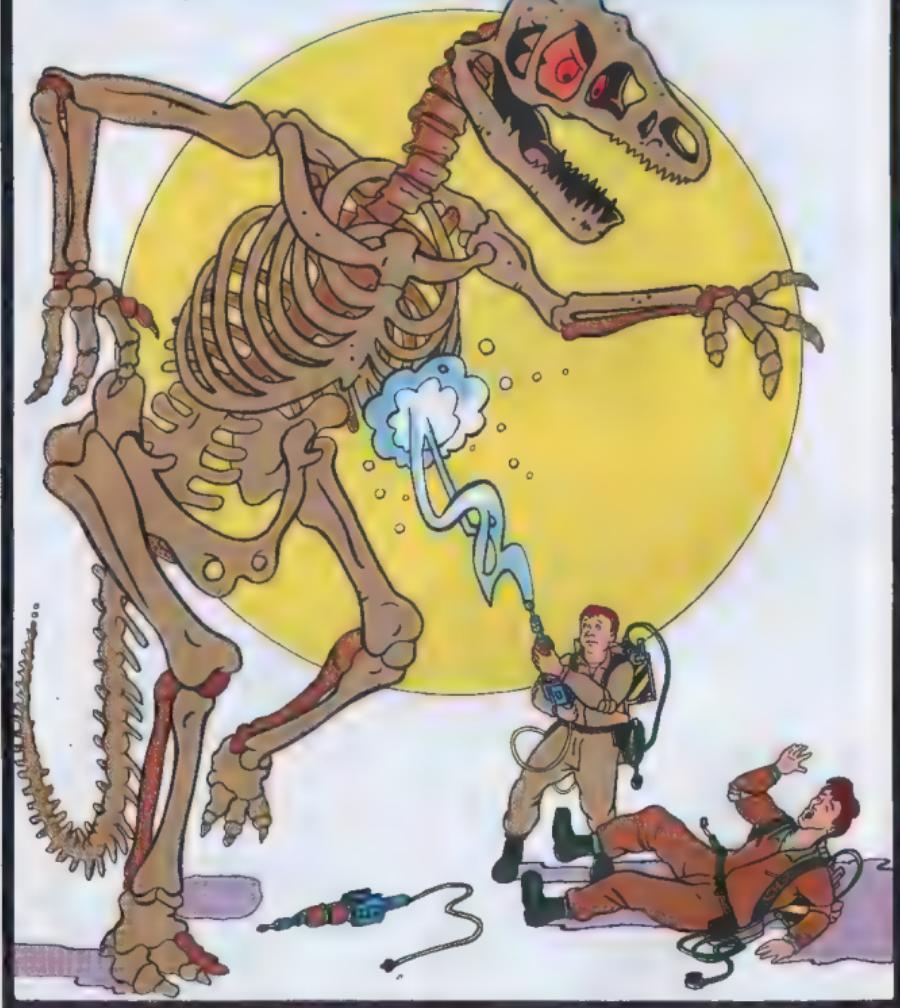




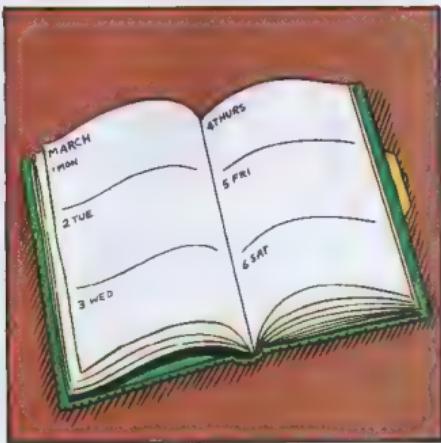


# WINSTON'S DIARY

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF WINSTON ZEDMORE



Story NICK ABADZIS and STEVE WHITE  Art PHIL ELLIOTT and CAM SMITH



*Sunday, January the 8th, 1989*

There's a bad headcold going around HQ this week . . . even Slimer's got it! We didn't think things could get worse, but then they did. The past came back to haunt us. We received a call that took us to Central Park at dusk, where we were greeted by a hysterical woman and her white-haired dog. Her explanation for his peculiar albino-like appearance was thus: "Poor Bonzo was frolicking in the grass, sniffing for bones, when he found one! A big one! He dug it from the earth, there was an almighty flash of light and we were suddenly looking at a living dinosaur skeleton! However, that wasn't the worst of it . . . my beautiful pedigree golden retriever became a terrified white-haired mongrel!"

Always on the look-out for maidens in distress, Peter comforted the rather attractive young lady, while Ray gave comfort to the dog. "No problem, Ma'am," said Peter, "We deal with this sort of thing every day!" With that, we set off into the park, a curious feeling of *deja-vu* hanging over each of us.

It wasn't too difficult to track this particular beastie. All we had to do was go in the opposite direction to the fleeing muggers who were departing from the park at high speed!

Then we saw it. A walking, snorting mass of glowing bone, which Egon informed us was a class six, free-roaming phantasm which bore a definite resemblance to an *Allosaurus* skeleton. He went on to remind us of our encounter with the dinosaur elemental which we had once banished to its own dimension on this selfsame spot! Peter yawned when he realised that Egon was about to launch into a long scientific explanation. All I caught was something about the bone the dog found had been acting as a plug in the mystic circle. The circle was effectively a dam between our world and the dinosaur elemental's dimension. By removing the bone, it had had the same effect as the little dutch boy removing his finger from the dyke.

We had little time to ponder this, as the *Allosaurus* bore down on us, only to be greeted by our Proton streams. That seemed to do the trick as it came apart at the joints. Peter smiled and quipped, "A walk in the park!"



Our victory was short-lived. With a sound that resembled the last symphony of a manic xylophonist, the skeleton reassembled itself, only to be joined by another three members of his reptilian clan! Naturally enough, in a situation like this, we followed the only logic-

al course of action, a high speed retreat! Once into ECTO-1, we decided to head back to HQ, so that Egon could work on a solution to our little prehistoric problem.

During the drive back, Ray tuned into the police radio frequency so that we could keep tabs on the *Allosaurs*. It soon became apparent, from their trail of destruction, that they were also heading for our HQ. This meant that they were only after one thing. US! Motivation? Revenge! They were after the trusty Ghostbusters who had dusted their prehistoric pal.

ECTO-1 had barely screeched to a halt in its garage, when the doors of the fire-station were almost torn off their hinges as something huge impacted against them. We were now clearly under seige! It was at that point, that a thoughtful looking Peter smiled to himself and disappeared down to the cellar. The rest of us listened to the sound of mighty tails, lashing against the doors. The paint was cracking and the wood splintering, as Peter reappeared toting a large feather and several suspicious-looking olive-green tubes.

"Right, listen to me," said Peter in his best take-charge voice. "Ray, you and Winston stand on either side of the doors. On my count of five, open them. Me, Egon and Slimer will

do the rest!" Picking my jaw up from the floor, I took my position muttering, "He's insane!"

I couldn't hear what he said to Egon and Slimer above the pounding on the doors, but they both looked startled before nodding in agreement. Things moved fast from there. There was no time for such finesse as opening the doors – they were shattered on their hinges. Pressing myself flat against the wall, I watched the first *Allosaur* stride in. It was then that the purpose of the feather and tubes became clear. Opening the largest tube, Peter grinned demonically as he pulled out a U.S. Army M162 Anti-tank Bazooka and yelled, "I keep this for special occasions!"

Making sure that he kept as safe a distance as was physically possible, Peter wagged the feather under Slimer's twitching nose. The sneeze that followed can only be described as volcanic! It's a good thing that hot lemon drinks don't work on ghosts, as the *Allosaurs* now found themselves bogged down in a quagmire of glutinous slime.

While the dinosaurs struggled to disengage themselves from the mucoid mangrove, Egon produced a large, lethal looking rocket from one of the other tubes. He rammed this into the end of Peter's bazooka. Peter shouted, "Stand clear! INCOMING!" as I tried to fit myself inside one of the wall-lockers.

There was a 'whoosh' like a speeding comet, and the *Allosaurs* vanished in a ball of fire. As the smoke cleared, thousands of little pieces of bonemeal fluttered, confetti-like, to the floor of the firestation. Me? I breathed a huge sigh of relief and climbed out of the ill-fitting wall-locker!

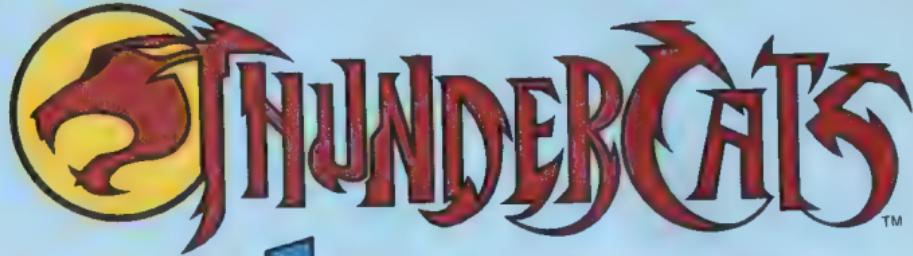
Egon fiddled with the focus adjuster on his Proton Gun. I could see that familiar glint in his eye as he considered the necessary improvements for combating dinosaurs. Ray just stood at the door scratching his head and muttering, "We're gonna have a dog problem around here for weeks!"



# TOBIN'S SPIRIT

Whilst still alive, Tobin was an ancient parapsychologist. He spent his life's work carrying out research into spirit forms and compiling a guide in which all types of manifestation were recorded and classified. Needless to say, Tobin's greatest admirer was The Ghostbusters' very own Egon Spengler. It was while Egon was studying the Spirit Guide, that the spirit of Tobin himself appeared. His tale of woe was that, during his life, he had bargained his soul with the Devil and was now suffering eternal torture. Only Egon could release him by busting his spirit and entrapping it in the containment unit. Egon couldn't bring himself to bust his life-long hero, and attempted to save him from other evil spirits with his Proton Gun. Unfortunately, Tobin saw this as an ideal opportunity to be brave and throw himself in front of the cannon stream and so was instantly busted.





# HO!



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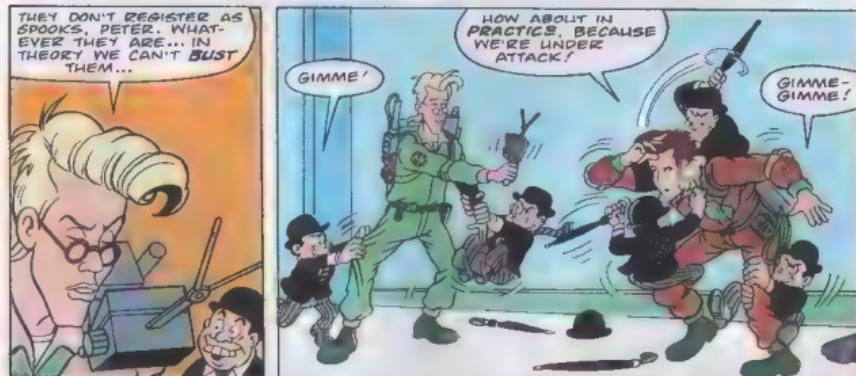
Starring all your *favourite* characters and some who you don't like . . . Mutants!! Snarf! Snarf!



It's in your newsagents now, so rush out and buy one.

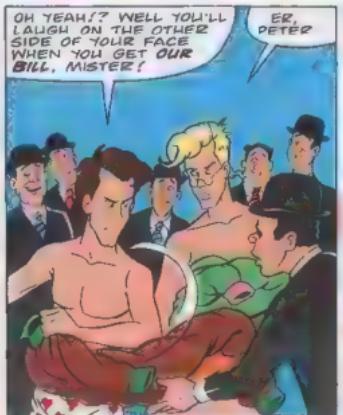
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38p

# THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™









# GH~~O~~ST WRITING!



YO! So it may be cold outside, but all your letters bring a warm glow to my heart! Honestly, folks! Get scribbling and make my day!

**Dear Peter...**

Please could you answer my questions:

1. What did you want to be when you were young?
2. What was the first ghost that you ever busted?

—Keri Lovell, Roath

*1. When I was young, my ambition was to be the coolest person to ever walk the earth. I'm so glad I was successful. Jokes aside, I wanted to be lots of different things at some point in my childhood. I wanted to be an astronaut or a pop singer, and then I decided that I was born-to-bust and have been happy in my work ever since! 2. The first ghost that we ever busted was dear ol' Slimer. What a moment of joy!*

I research the paranormal, and from my education I've found that spirits don't speak unless addressed correctly. So, how come the spirit sometimes has the first word in your stories?  
—Chris Oakley, Cheshire

*If you research the paranormal, you will know that the rules that apply to such an ethereal plane are very inconsistent. It is not true that spirits only speak when approached in the correct manner. If this was true, how would you explain sudden ghostly knockings and unsolicited spirit voices? Ghosts do often make the first contact. Who are you going to believe — your education, or my experience?*

I have some questions for you:  
1. Who is Zuul?  
2. Do you like being a Ghostbuster?  
3. Do you get frightened when you bust a ghost?  
—Lee, Swindon

*1. Who is Zuul? Are you kidding? Zuul is the demon to end all demons! He was the driving force behind the dreaded Mr Stay-Puft and almost creator of Armageddon! So there! 2. I love being a Ghostbuster! Some of us were just born-to-bust! 3. Me? Never! Nothing frightens me because I'm such a cool dude!*

How come Janine has brown hair in the film, but now has red hair?

—Thomas Newton, Cleveland

*That's the strange thing about women, Thomas. Have you ever noticed how often most women's hair changes colour and they always swear it's natural! I think Janine's crowning glory has a little help besides that of Mother Nature!*

Why are Egon, Ray and Winston sensible and you're not?

—Christopher Young, Glasgow

*Sensible? Or do you mean boring? I'm a cool dude with a wicked sense of humour — I don't have to be sensible!*

Why don't you take Janine out to the cinema because she needs a break.

—John Reid, Cumbria

*I've taken Janine out to the cinema and the theatre on a number of occasions. She's wonderful company! We're not all as blind as Egon is you know?*

In issue twenty-two, in Ecto-baby, when Egon is a baby, he has blond curly hair. However, in issue twenty, in Hair Today, Egon Tomorrow, it said that to begin with, he had brown hair! How do you explain this?

—Matthew Salmon, Liverpool

*Good point, Matthew, but easily explained. How many people do you know who have got brown hair, but were blond babies? It's actually quite common. Even I was a blond baby, and beautiful with it, I hasten to add!*

BLIMEY!  
IT'S...

# SLIMER!



# GAGGED...



**IN JUST 7 DAYS**

# ...AND BOUND!



## THE MIGHTY MARVEL CHECKLIST

**THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS 31** There's a dinosaur skeleton in Central Park. No cause for alarm you might think, except that this skeleton is moving about! *Jaws of the Beast* is by White and Abadzis. More chilling chuckles can be found in *The Mind Boggles*, by Catton and Williamson, and *Weirdness on Wall Street* by Rimmer and Geering.

**DEATH'S HEAD 3** Death's Head hits the Los Angeles of 8162...and it hits back! A routine bounty-hunt becomes a deadly game of survival when the merciless mechanoid discovers that his target—Ogrus—is playing for *High Stakes*. Dealing out the black humour are Furman, Hitch and Hine.

**DRAGON'S CLAWS 8** If you thought the first incarnation of the Evil Dead was pretty lethal, wait till you meet the new team! Hack, Rend and Slash are the new players, and believe us—they live up to their names! Get ready for the Evil Dead's all-out assault on N.U.R.S.E...with Dragon's Claws slap bang in the middle! *The Evil Dead Too* is by Furman and Senior.

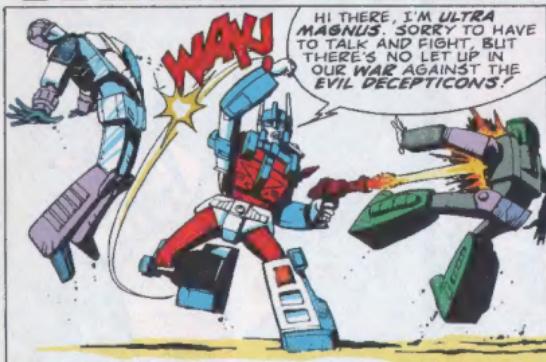
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